

This Ain't My First Rodeo

by Anonymims

Category: Miraculous: Tales of Ladybug & Cat Noir

Genre: Drama, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Adrien/ Chat Noir, Marinette

Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

Pairings: Marinette Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug/Adrien/ Chat Noir

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 00:11:22

Updated: 2016-04-15 07:21:33

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:35:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 7,981

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "You might believe that tiny benevolent faerie gods chose two random teenagers to fulfill the need for heroic action with the rise of a villain of their kind. But you surely wouldn't believe the truth." The American AU. Because American Superheros are not chosen, they're manufactured. (Previously Miraculous Y'all)

1. The Kolache is a Lie

**Uh Hi, I guess this is the first time I've posted my Miraculous work on FF so...**

I am Anonymims, an anonymous writer of what is commonly called TRASH.

I ship the Love Square obviously but romance is more of an undertone in my stories, I like complex plots and lots of internal reflection. The warm fuzzy feeling of fluff is nice but I like my stories to convey many emotions. Up until now I've only published my Starco ones here. Anyway this AU is something that came to me. It's not anything you're expecting, I promise. I'm bad at updating and I'm winging this but hopefully yeah?

I don't own Miraculous, it belongs to Zag and Thomas Astruc, God Bless Them.

* * *

><p>There were two things in the Universe Marinette was completely sure of in the present moment.<p>

1. Whoever had decided that camouflage was fashionable to wear, should be shot. No pun intended

2. Adrien Agreste's hair was made of concentrated sunshine.

This was commonplace. These thoughts, wayward and fleeting. A normal part of a normal day, in the normal life of a normal girl in a normal school in a normal town. Completely ordinary and without anything to promote the unusual and extraordinary. Yes.

Actually no.

* * *

><p>It was funny how it was Autumn and yet the trees were greener than Springtime and the heat was hotter than August.<p>

If by funny you mean annoying as hell.

If that wasn't bad enough, mucking around in spandex was not the ideal way to beat the heat of late September. Seriously, why wasn't cotton a thing everyone considered?

This was 2016, end the synthetic insanity.

But it was worth it, worth the feel of hot brick of roofs every time her feet actually touched them. Worth the scorch of the setting sun on her back, unforgivably ****HOT.**** Every year she wondered if Winter still existed or if it was just the acid dream of a Minnesotan. It always did get cold, eventually, but it never seemed like it really would.

Worth every discomfort and headache she got from the sunlight. After all the sun would soon be out of sight, making way for a beautiful explosion of color.

It was worth everthing, to see that gorgeous dusky view from the Eiffle Tower.

Perched very comfortably in the brim of the giant ten-gallon hat molded jauntily on the top.

* * *

><p>There is magic everywhere in the world, everywhere.

If you can't see it, then you just might not have learned how to use your eyes properly. It's not your fault, not really.

To assume that such places that are prone to magic, like London or Tokyo or Ireland as a whole for good examples, are the only places magic exists in high and undiluted forms is foolishness. There are plenty of large reserves in smaller, unthinkable places.

Including but not limited to, smaller, unassuming, teen girls. And boys too.

Teen girls, in smallish, unextrodianry, towns.

Paris for example.

That is, Paris, Texas, y'all.

* * *

><p>There is two things Adrien Agreste could say about his life.<p>

1. The feeling of hair gel melting down your neck because of the freaking sun, which honestly it shouldn't be allowed to be this hot ever, will always be unnerving.

2. #NotAllHomeschoolers

It had been approximately five weeks since he had started his first year of school that was not taught at home.

People still hadn't stopped making a big deal.

He had dealt with close to 10 years of the constant "So when are your parents giving up this pipe dream and sending you to REAL school?" And "You should demand for your freedom."

And when his father had relented to give up his mother's so called _'pipe dream'_ and sent him to a private school, the question now stood at "It must be such a difficult transition for you." And "I'm sure you miss the freedom you had at home."

?

He was changing his school not changing his sex.

Plus the way his new classmates acted around him was still a bit conveying of their discomfort.

He didn't want to make anyone uncomfortable, not with his position as the son of a wealthy guy who picked fashion designers for Target, not with all the preconceived notions they had about him because of his introverted upbringing. Yet, he felt like he was.

He thought getting out of the house every day would make him breathe better. His house seemed to be full of stale air and unsaid thoughts. It had been that way for months now. He had never felt like this at home before, but things had changed.

Yet somehow school wasn't the answer either, he could open up a little bit, but not as much as he'd thought. And only two or three people had shown any interest in treating him like something other than a kid with a virus.

Maybe they thought because he had been homeschooled he wasn't vaccinated.

He was tired of the stifling heat and the feeling of being stifled at both school and home.

He wanted to be considered a normal boy, with a normal life, in a normal school, in a normal town. (Well, as normal as a town can get with a knockoff historic landmark at it's center only topped with their not so subtle nod to their overall ludicrously large state pride.)

Normal. Ordinary, not at all unusual. Yes.

Actually no.

* * *

><p>Humidity had always been an enemy, his father and mother had both complained about it more than even about his overbearing grandmother's constant threats to ship him off to boarding school.<p>

Humidity, the _can't breath, can't see, can't tame my wildly frizzy hair,_ enemy.

It was still his enemy, he couldn't breathe.

He always metaphorically compared the confines of his home, education, and social lives, as being short of breath or unable to breathe. And you'd think escaping into the oncoming twilight would give him relief. But it didn't, he seriously couldn't breathe.

And black leather, was not the material of choice to be scampering about in hot September sun. How did bikers and ranchers do it? What a price to pay for fashion.

Heat, humidity, and melted hair gel.

He was suffering.

Perched on the roof of one of the many brick structures that made Downton, baking in the heat. Screaming up to the sky and looking very much like the animal akin to his theme.

"WHY CAN'T IT JUST FREAKING RAIN FOR ONCE?"

* * *

><p>It did rain.

At 2am.

Then there was a severe thunderstorm warning with radar sighted rotation.

A rain wrapped tornado in the dead of night taking away from precious sleep of a boy exhausted by life in general.

* * *

><p>If I told you how all this happened you wouldn't believe me. You might believe that tiny benevolent faerie gods chose two random teenagers to fulfill the need for heroic action with the rise of a villain of their kind. You might.

But you surely wouldn't believe the truth.

That the hero choosing corporation _K_. _W_. _Amii Co._ or simply _AmiiCo_ dumped these two poor unfortunate souls with magic destiny. That the company running under the guise of simple unspecified capitalism, had somehow cornered these two into superheroic activities. Suits, and super strength infusions, and secret

identities, and the whole nine yards.

That they had zero to no choice in such a matter. That Adrien's father's sins had to be paid in such a way that almost put him as indentured servitude? A contract signed by force? Sugarcoated to make him believe this was a sweet deal and then crashing him with the worst luck he had ever experienced. His entire life being taken from him when he attempted to escape.

AmiiCo had terrible ways of negotiating.

And poor naive Marinette. Lured in by shiny big city dreams of intern jobs in her home town to up and coming designers and fashion mavens. To only learn that her star studded dreams were built in false promises by a company that needed her to do something for them before they did something for her. They could give her the world or take it away from her.

That everything is simultaneously a truth and a lie? Yes.

Actually _yes._

* * *

><p>This ain't my first rodeo, I grew up in Texas yes. This is so close to home it's wrong.**

2. AmiiCo More Like Oh Hell No

**I already had this written so I decided to post them together.**

**I don't own Miraculous, if I did I'd be so lost with what to do with it, I mean you're reading this story clearly I have no idea what I'm doing.**

* * *

><p>A stack of papers, the third that day, dropped unceremoniously on the table in front of Marinette.<p>

The petit fifteen year old eagerly tried to eye their unreadable contents as her companion sat down in the adjoining chair.

The AmiiCo board room looked innocently ordinary. A deceitful contrast to the horrors occurring right in its four walls.

"What are these ones for Ms. Tikki?" The girl asked energetically and unknowingly with a tilt of the head.

Her companion, a woman of undefinable age, clad in a black business skirt-set and red blouse. Smiled a half-hearted smile at the bright young face in front of her. Her warm hued face held multiple lines betraying experience, but her unnaturally red hair in its tight bun held no strand of grey. And in a high and cheerful voice she responded in turn.

"This top one is a standard disclaimer form for insurance measures."

Marinette gulped a little nervously, only slightly unsettled how the woman could speak so cheerfully of a form that held the words _'in the event of injury or death.' _

Still she willingly scribbled her signature and moved on to the paper under it.

"Extra dry cleaning, for the suit. You know if anything unusual happens. You'll have to pay for it." Tikki explained rationally, and Mari decided not to ask what qualified as unusual in the past as she signed it as well.

Turning to the third sheet Ms. Tikki's face took a turn.

Marinette looked up from trying to decipher the minutely printed words and noted her new manager's discomposure.

"What's this one?" Mari asked quietly.

"This one is very important Marinette." She said holding a focused gaze into the girl's blue eyes. "It's a statement, saying you swear to never reveal your secret identity for any reason to anyone."

Marinette's eyes widened considerably as she considered what that entailed.

"Not my parents?"

Tikki shook her head.

"Alya, or any of my friends? What about my future husband someday? Or any kids?"

"No, no friends, no family, not even significant others." Tikki said with a certain tone of finality to her voice. "I'm sure you're familiar with enough superheros to know why. It's for their own safety."

Mari nodded gravely and said softly "Hawkmoth could use them against me."

She signed.

* * *

><p>"This wasn't in the contract Plagg."<p>

The young man with sunshine hair said harshly as he confronted his trainer.

Somewhere deep in the confines of AmiiCo, where dubious machines whirred and stirred and all sorts of questionable activity happened under the much dimmer light.

"Actually it was." Replied a man who might have been taken for a ridiculous wild west villain in his black cowboy hat and long wispy mustache. He chuckled without mirth "It was the _'precautionary measures'_ we had to take to ensure you didn't break your side of the

deal."

"You tricked me." Adrien yelled over the constant hum of the machines. "I trusted you."

"Not my problem, you have a bad judge of character." The older man deadpanned.

"I never wanted any part of this, you said I would be doing good, being a hero." Adrien's voice was wavery and his eyes held betrayal but he stood strong.

"And you still are, kid. We just had to make sure you'd come through on your side of the contract." Plagg shot back with his excellent poker face for feigning indifference, he used it to his utmost advantage.

Adrien stood silent in the midst of the chaotic noise. His face showing every emotion at once. Maybe there was still something that looked like compassion left in the gruff man's heart as he tried to remedy a little.

"Look kid, I know this isn't the way it was supposed to go, but your dad is--"

"Oh yes, my dad. My dad who did something, something so horrible that I have to pay for it. Something so horrible no one will tell me what it is. But no, I have to pay for his crimes against AmiiCo, with more crimes against me." Adrien interrupted angrily.

"The executives just decided it would be the best decision, I personally did not agree but I know my opinion means nothing to them." Plagg said almost apologetically.

Adrien's breathing slowed as his temper went down as quickly as it flared up.

"You couldn't do anything?" He asked a bit softer now.

"I'm sorry Adrien." The older man said laying a gentle hand on the boys shoulder as he left him alone to his thoughts and the mechanical sound.

* * *

><p>"Thank you Ms. Tikki." Marinette said with a sincere smile as the last of the papers were signed.<p>

"For what?" Said the older woman mirroring her smile. It was infectious.

"Well, for giving me this opportunity. I mean I came in here you know, not exactly expecting this to be the job I was interviewed for. My first job. Yet, even so, I'm so glad to have this chance to do good. I'm just a simple girl y'know? I never expected to be chosen to be any super heroine, to help people, to save lives." Mari looked off a little into some distant future of crime fighting playing out in her mind "so thank you, for giving me this chance to do the right thing."

Tikki's practiced smiles overtook her overwhelming desire to frown a little, the conscious laying somewhere under her polyester business suit felt very uneasy. "There's no need for thanks Marinette, we should be thanking you."

"Still, you put in a good word for me, I owe you so much" Mari said, blissful in ignorance "would you mind very much if I hugged you?"

The older woman was taken by surprise as the girl gingerly dove in with her approval.

She looked toward the office door over the bluenette's head as she contemplated. Knowing down that hallway were things she didn't want to face.

"The right thing." It was said like a whispered prayer.

3. Too Nye to Die

shoutout to that one person reading this story

*I don't own Miraculous I'm pretty sure that is obvious I don't even have a beard.*

* * *

><p>Sweet smells wafted from just under the wooden floorboards of the bedroom, rousing Marinette from sleep.<p>

And oh here comes the nausea.

The stomach turning combination of thoughts of sugary pastry and the unforgiving heat hit her like a freight train.

Everyone thought that living above Paris' best Kolache and Donut shop was some sort of dream come true.

It wasn't.

They never considered what it was like living in a sixty-something year old apartment above a hot bakery oven in Texas heat. Bad insulation, and an air conditioner you can't count on. They never considered what it was like having a wheat allergy, when your parents are bakers. _Beautiful._

They never considered how hard it is to eat in the morning when you're hot, exhausted and smelling something that has made you puke at least six times.

They never considered how guilty it made a person feel to have to refuse the wondrous talents of their parents efforts morning after morning.

Marinette slid out of her bed groggily, not even feeling that concept of _'awake'_ as she hurried through her morning routine. Her arms ached, her legs ached, she'd developed two more masses of muscle in the night after yesterday's infusion and training efforts. Though her super strength and other powers wouldn't completely instill in her

until she was within possession of the Miracle Stones, deceptively disguised as earrings. They emanated most of the magic and were of course extremely important to keep safe. And unfortunately despite their innocent appearance, Hawk Moth knew what they looked like, for whatever reason. She had come to realize soon after her training began, that this game was far bigger than her, and she was merely a piece in play.

It was surely all worth it though, to be there for her hometown when duty called. AmiiCo seemed to be playing merely a waiting game with Hawk Moth now, watching to see where he'd strike first. It seemed odd to her that the city must be attacked before they could begin going after him. They seemed to already know a great deal about him, they couldn't be that far from discovering his whereabouts. And if he posed such a great threat wouldn't it be easier to stop him before the thing could start? It would surely be better than to make innocent people suffer at the hand of his madness just to play a waiting game.

Mari shook her head in the mirror as she brushed out her hair, maybe she just didn't understand Super Heroics as well as they did? She was just a newbie after all.

Finally stumbling down the stairs she greeted her parents with a "Morning." a kiss on the cheek and "god, it's hot.".

The shop was in breakfast rush mode as she made her way out, quick "love you"s to her parents and a simple "bye y'all." To their employees. She hated saying y'all, but there are some things that cannot be helped when you have bluebonnet blood.

Alya was waiting just outside the door nibbling on a signature of the shop's: Breakfast Sopapilla. _Don't ask._

She greeted Mari in the proper fashion of any Parisian.

"Morning," and then "fuck, it's hot."

The proper response on the part of Mari being "Morning," and "hell yeah it is."

Once these traditional pleasantries were exchanged the girls easily fell in step with each other towards their bus stop. Or actually, Alya walked and Mari trudged leaning on her, as Alya continued the conversation ever the supportive best friend.

"You look like death."

"I'm aware." Mari said drowsily.

"Girl, you really are out of it, there was only tiny traces of sarcasm in that comment. What the hell do you do all night?"

"Internet." It wasn't entirely a lie, Mari took great comfort in Pinterest at the end of a long day. Plus it was the best excuse she could think of.

"You've got a Tumblr then probably right? You've got to get your priorities straight, Hun. You can't devote your life to some _fan

obsession blog."_

Alya was talking with her sensible voice, her mom-friend voice. It was both comforting and absolutely annoying. Mari just wanted her to shut up and let her sleep on her shoulder.

"Pinterest." Was her feeble protest.

Alya turned slightly to her as she made little sympathetic clicking sounds in her throat. "Aw you poor thing, here I am going on and on about your terrible sleeping habits and I should just let you rest. I bet you have a headache, do you need some Tylenol or anything for it?" She slung her arm around the girl guiding her up the bus steps gently.

Marinette smiled weakly but appreciatively, in the end, having a mom friend was nice.

"Nah, I'm good, thanks Alya. I just want to take a little nap."

They settled down in their seats as Mari's head settled gently on her best friend's shoulder.

"You go right ahead honey, I won't disturb you." Alya popped in her earbuds and stroked Mari's head comfortingly.

"You're the best." Said the smaller girl as she fell into slumber.

"You better believe it."

* * *

><p>Adrien Agreste's guide to 'real' school for the previously home educated.

1. Despite what trustworthy sources (Hannah Montana, Chloe) might lead you to believe, _'cool'_ students do NOT refer to the cafeteria as the _'caf'._

2. Anime Club is ****NOT**** a place where rational minded Anime fans discuss their mutual love of Japanese animation.

3. Fellow students doing questionably intimate things together in the corner of the hall? Just walk past man, just walk past.

4. Be enthusiastic about football. It's easier. You might figure out how it works if you observe enough, maybe.

5. There's a surprising lack of wild teen parties with underage drinking, seven minutes in heaven, and red solo cups. At least Adrien hadn't been invited to one yet.

6. Don't even try to flaunt your excellent Physics puns. Nobody freaking cares.

7. No, you didn't take the _STAAR_ test.

8. It may seem for a while like a lot of the school is really overly excited about seasonal flowers, but actually a _mum_ is something

that for some reason has to do with football.

9. If you insult country music... **_rip._**

10. Friends aren't as easily made as you'd think.

* * *

><p>A silence fell over the classroom as Ms. Mendeleiev dragged in a metal rolling TV stand that Adrien figured might possibly pre-date his conception. The television and VCR atop it did nothing to deny this assumption either.<p>

A few murmurs of excitement swept through the class as she gave an annoyed groan, popped in a video and promptly left the classroom once more.

The class erupted in cheers and celebratory noises as one kid, Kim? Adrien recalled his name being, began chanting under his breath.

_ "bill._ Bill. BiLL. BiLL. BiLL! BiLL! **BILL! _BILL!
BILL! "_**

The chant rose as it garnered popularity and volume. Each student joining in with a fervor unmatched.

Adrien was absolutoutly terrified.

Adrien turned to his closest seat neighbor, Nino. Who he had a small but growing friendship forming with, hoping for normalcy or at least an explanation. However to his horror, Nino was chanting along, pumping his fist, his eyes glued on the television in a trance like state.

Oh no, they got Nino.

He blanched in his seat as he searched the room for some semblance of sanity. The chant filling his ears like a demonic summoning.

His gaze lit upon Marinette. His other newly made friend, sitting just behind him. Who, by some Miracle or Magic power was sleeping through the ruckus. She looked so peaceful, he didn't want to wake her, but at the same time, he also needed some sort of comforting companionship. And from what he had seen of Marinette in recent weeks, she was a very comforting sort of person. Also she probably wouldn't laugh at his ignorance of he asked her for an explanation, so that appealed to him. He made up his mind and tapped her on the arm, gently but enough to make her stir.

"Five more minutes Alya, please, sheesh." She mumbled irritably. Waving off the hand that had rudely roused her from her rest.

"I'm sorry to disturb you Marinette, I'm just a little freaked out and I didn't want to be alone."

Marinette shot up, eyes wide and awake, like a deer in the headlights.

"Adrien?!"

He wished she didn't always sound so intimidated when he talked to her. She was of course very friendly and open, but she always sounded terrified to speak to him. He wondered how he could set her more at ease around him, but no matter how casual and gentle he was she still didn't seem any less terrified.

"I'm sorry I woke you." He said sheepishly, hoping she could hear him over the deafening ruckus. "But I knew you wouldn't laugh at me if I asked what the hell is going on?"

Mari blinked mutely, a million and one thoughts going through her mind. Most of them in the form of singular exclamations

Adrien!

Speaking!

Me!

Shit!

And also the more constant background thought of

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

And then the rational bits asking the important questions

What the hell **IS** going on?

And the simplest command

FOR THE LOVE _OF GOD, **TALK.**_

Shaking away her inner process and any dust that collected during her hibernation period. _How embarrassing, oh god._ Her mouth found it's muscle memory doing it's job.

"It's uhh, it's uhhhh."

Adrien's beautiful imploring eyes were staring right into her soul. And she was probably going to have a stroke. How great would that cause of death look in her obituary?

Cause of Death: Adrien Agreste.

Or actually considering the chanting of her classmates, they might blame it on the excitement of watching a Bill Nye video.

Cause of Death: Bill Nye the Science Guy.

Cause of Death: SCIENCE

Pull yourself together you limp teabag.

"You've n-never um, watched B-bill Nye?"

The stutter. Her great enemey.

Marinette had several fantasies were she was standing in the center of a dusty road in a ghost town somewhere in west Texas. She wore a stetson and spurs. The thing she had chosen to personify her stutter looked suspiciously like Chloe, but that didn't matter. The cliché movie music played in the background as the two faced off in a tense staring contest. Each daring the other to make the first move. Marinette wished she could perform a quick draw and fire the shot that would leave her stutter laying in the dust of that ghost town. That never seemed to happen though.

This town ain't big enough for the two of us, ya dirty speech impediment.

Adrien meanwhile scratched his neck with embarrassment at the question. He had a feeling that his lack of experience here was highly unheard of. "No?" He admitted looking down shamefully.

He looked up again as he felt a hand laid comfortably on his shoulder.

He was right, Marinette was good at that.

She smiled shyly. "You're l-lucky then, you get to e-experience him, for the first time."

Houston, we have lift off.

Adrien returned the smile. And somewhere a baby laughed and a fairy was born and some peace treaty was signed after a long war and an angel got it's wings.

The video tape finally found it's place post opening previews as the iconic theme sang out with the help of the class.

**"BILL NYE THE SCIENCE GUY!"**

4. The Chapter Where Adrien Finally Swears

Shoutout to those three people reading this. Y'all rock.

AND ALSO WE HAVE A REVIEW! (HOLY CRAP SOMEONE REVIEWED?)

**GeoDaGiraffe: Thanks and I'm glad you're enjoying it, also I fixed my little mistake as if it was not obvious I, like Sunny Boy, have not taken the STAAR test. Thanks for the heads up! Also I am forever in your gratitude for reviewing. You're the reason I do this (and also because of the 46 kudos on AO3, THEY APPRECIATE MEMES THERE MORE FOR SOME REASON)**

I don't claim ownership of Miraculous, but I do own a really nifty mask I made to cosplay my Miraculona.

* * *

><p>It was zero hour.<p>

The time had come.

How had Marinette come to such a conclusion in the middle of an otherwise peaceful morning in Movies as Literature class?

Call it Hero's Intuition.

That gut wrenching feeling that something was majorly wrong.

No wait, that was the banana she had eaten this morning for an actual breakfast.

Big mistake.

Well maybe it was the vibration of her phone in her jean pocket, going off incessantly with urgent texts from Tikki?

Or quite possibly a good sign was the screams of terror from somewhere outside.

Yeah that might have been it.

The entire class fell silent for a moment as Ms. Bustier paused the projection of _To Kill_ _A __Mockingbird._

Heads turned to the continued interspersed screams coming from just beyond the closed door.

The silence ceased when _someone, _(Chloe) decided to screech "IT'S A MASS SHOOTER!"

Any rational thought was drowned out immediately by the panic that ensued.

Rose was hyperventilating in the corner as Juleka attempted to calm her. Max rocked back and forth under his desk with his knees pressed to his chest, praying. Mylene was worriedly texting Ivan, who had been sent to the principle not twelve minutes before. Nino had pulled out a paper to write his will. While Alya yelled at him that now was not the time.

Now, standard emergency procedure would have called for the door to be barricaded. Any windows too. Students to huddle behind a large heavy barrier and the teacher to alert the authorities.

In short there would have been no way for either Adrien or Marinette to leave the room.

And it would have happened too, if this wasn't _Texas._

As Ms. Bustier prepared to set the emergency plan into motion a certain burly boy by the name of Jackson but spelled like _Jaxon_ emerged from behind his desk. In his hands, a really truly_ ****rifle.****_ _Yes._

"I'll handle this y'all." He said sauntering over to the door despite the panic that was now two fold what it had been. And despite the protest of teacher and students alike.

In the havoc, Adrien discreetly slipped out without

notice.

Marinette was not so lucky. She was stopped by Alya just as she had almost made it out the door.

"Mari, what the fuck? You can't go out there!" This statement drawing the immediate attention that Marinette had not wanted.

"Marinette, you may not leave this classroom. We do not know if it is safe." Ms. Bustier said with an uncharacteristically stern tone.

It was time for some quick thinking.

"Please Ms. Bustier, I have to use the bathroom, it's an _emergency."_ She subtly pointed to her purse as to convey the reason.

The teacher did receive the message, as did most of the class but that wasn't important right now.

"I understand, but I'm still not sure-"

She was cut off abruptly as a voice went over the intercom.

"Students! Teachers! Do not be alarmed! We have the situation, under control." Principle Damocles scratchy voice spoke through the speaker like a gift from the heavens to Marinette.

Ms. Bustier looked back at her pupil with worry and skepticism but sighed with a drop of her shoulders in relent. "Alright, but please, be careful."

"Yes Ma'am." Then with a half-hearted look to Alya's shocked and concerned face she ducked out of the classroom as the panic continued inside.

Slipping down the hallway and into the bathroom she sucked in a nervous breath as she dialed her phone.

"I'm sorry I couldn't answer, I was trapped in class." She apologized without greeting.

"_No worries Marinette, but I think you know why I've been trying to reach you._"

Marinette breathing grew heavier as she faced her reflection in the mirror. Thankful for the bathroom's lack of occupants.

"_I know you're nervous._"

Came Tikki's high voice with a reassuring tone over the phone.

"_But I know you'll do amazingly. I believe in you._"

Mari nodded to herself as she braced for the words about to leave her mouth.

"Tikki? _**Spots on?**_"

"_Spots on._"

And her trainer hung up.

She dug the specially lined box out of her purse. Popping it open as she held the magical earrings in her palm. She could feel it's energy coursing up her arm just holding them.

With one last farewell to reluctance she removed her elephant shaped studs from her ears and replaced them with the Miracle Stones.

A mix of raw energy with a twinge of pain spread through her like wildfire. With this amount of strength she felt her worries crept in regarding control.

"You've done excellently." Tikki's words from their last training simulation floated through her mind. _"When the time comes you'll be more than ready."_

Taking another shaky breath as the pain began to subside she found the last key to her transformation. A small round compact-like yo-yo. Or at least if she had to describe it, she'd call it a yo-yo. Clicking the device at her hip and pressing down into it with applied pressure she watched as the tiny microscopic fibers of her supersuit unfolded like magic. The cut forming to her body and fitting like a glove. Stopping in correct places and starting where her mask needed to be. It was the latest AmiiCo tech and it was ****BOSS.****

She admired herself once in the mirror before a scream broke her thought processes.

Oh fuck, right.

She sprinted out of the bathroom feeling a little blind, a little naive, but also like she had just grown a pair of wings.

Now here's to hoping this partner Tikki mentioned was agreeable.

* * *

><p>Adrien wondered how long a guy could take a piss.<p>

It had been what, ten minutes now? What the hell was that guy doing in there?_ Oh wait, don't answer that._

"Can you maybe hurry a little?" He asked trying to sound polite but knowing his irritation was probably coming through. And yet he honestly didn't care, this was a fucking emergency.

See? He was mad enough to cuss inwardly, that said something.

"Woah dude, what you can't use the bathroom with other people present?" Came the voice beyond the stall door.

"Nope." Adrien didn't give a damn about what this was going to do to his reputation at this point.

A flush and the stall opened as an older kid stepped out looking Adrien up and down critically.

"Oh you're that homeschooled kid."

Nice.

"Yeah, I know, I'm weird, anti social, whatever. Can you please just hurry up?"

"Geez, yeah man, sorry." The kid backed off, maybe it was the way the fluorescent light shone off Adrien's newly developed muscle mass that made the sunshine child appear formidable. _Better not mess._

In mere moments the bathroom was vacated. Adrien gave a small sigh of relief as he pulled out his phone.

Three rings, Adrien almost doubted he would even answer.

"I take it you figured it out?"

Came the sardonic drawl from the other end.

"You didn't even try to tell me."

"Look kid, it wasn't necessary, since I knew you would call me. Why bother you when you weren't gonna answer anyway?"

Adrien surprisingly couldn't argue with that although God knows he wanted to.

"Just be glad you don't have a crappy catchphrase. Get out there catboy, you'll probably_ do fine." _

"Glad you have so much faith in me Plagg." The boy responded dryly. "What about this partner you mentioned, are they waiting for me? How am I supposed to find them?"

Plagg made an annoyed sound.

"Hell if I know Adrien, maybe look for the other fucking person dressed up like a super hero. Christ, what an idiot."

And he hung up, not letting anymore of Adrien's stupidity clog up the telephone lines.

Adrien rolled his eyes at his reflection as he dug the tiny protected pouch out of his bag that held the ring. Unlike Marinette, he had worn it before during training. Plagg had figured he better get used to it. _"You have enough bad luck without you stumbling around from energy spasms_"

Slipping it on. Then clicking the small stick-like baton at his side he felt the suit and mask wash over him in a black wave. It was _leather._

Black leather on a 97° day_. Joy to the world._

Still he took a moment to admire the sleekness of it in the mirror. The ears threw him off a bit.

"Not bad."

He felt like a villain's henchman in a KPOP video.

He gave a wink to the reflection in the mirror.

"You've just been rescued," he said in a voice that tried (and failed) to sound like some suave Harrison Ford knockoff. "by _the Handsom Panther."_

5. By Any Other Name

_"TOGETHER AGAIN" _

AND WE HAVE ANOTHER REVIEWER (!)

MitsuruSenpai: Thanks_ so much for reviewing all of the chapters first of all that was really great, your comments made me chuckle and I hope you enjoy the next installment!_

Thing to note for this chapter:

Adrien watched Veggietale way too much as a child and it has affected him permantely. To the point where he gets a song stuck in his head at the drop of a hat. The one here being Rock Monster from the Pirates Who Don't Do Anything movie.

Poor son.

I don't own Miraculous. Hawkdaddy and his crew do and they do a GREAT job cause just writing this is HARD.

* * *

><p>You'd have to be pretty stupid not to realize that Principal Damocles very reassuring little speech over loudspeaker was merely a facade. Or maybe the screaming that started up again not 3 minutes after, might give it away.

No one knew quite what to make of the situation.

Something resembling Ivan, but a good deal bigger, was standing in the hallway bellowing formidably.

**"I am the Stone-Hearted and I shall have my revenge." **

It looked like a big clunky rock monster and Adrien Agreste of course had to have his first thought be ridiculous.

* * *

><p>"We were on a beach.

_I was running from evil cheese. _

_They were trying to eat me up but they ran into a rock. _

_But it wasn't a rock. _

It was a rock monsterrr!"

* * *

><p>Seriously?

#MaybeAllHomeschoolers

"Hey rock-bottom! Maybe it's time you caved-in."

The monster's attention now gained Adrien ran headlong like the idiot he was and immediately got side swiped by a chunky thing that at one time was a hand.

Smashed through the wall, a splintered mess of dry wall and fake brick and Adrien was saying a thankful prayer that he was a lot more durable in his technological wonder of a super suit.

This was not how he'd imagined this would go when he was fantasizing about it last night while listening to the Pirates of the Caribbean soundtrack.

He landed with a creaky thud on the rusty old merry-go-round previously sitting idly in the park next to the school. A good 100 feet from where he'd started.

Adrien floundered on his back, legs askew.

He became aware that the earth was turning faster than usual as the aging playground piece pivoted wildly.

You know the thing I'm talking about. Paint chipped. Probably installed some year before the Aniston-Pitt break up. That thing your mom was probably really freaked out by because there was a new story every week about some kid getting stuck in that little space under it where those crappy little woodchips you find in playgrounds dip down to make this little crevice. And you could get caught in there and if the thing was going fast and tilting then seriously, kids died. And you either hold on for dear life and puke afterwards when your brother spins it too fast or you are the one blessed with the job of spinning it. And you literally feel betrayed by the world, because wow life is really unfair. And in a moment of madness you probably would lie flat on your back with your head partially hung off and dared your best friend to spin it because you were a wild rebellious thrill seeker. The staple of a good old fashioned American playground.

Suddenly the whirl of the world rushing past above him came to a grinding halt as the merry-go-round stopped in place.

Coming out of blurry sight Adrien looked straight into the bluest eyes he had seen in his life.

"Need a hand?" She asked smiling like a cloudless summer afternoon. She had dimples, he didn't even know that was a thing people could have actually, he thought it was a myth. Then this delightful creature actually deigned to giggle softly, tacking on a mock accented "Partner?"

This couldn't be real, Adrien 'Born on Friday the 13th' Agreste could not have been blessed by some kind twist of fate to have this angelic being as his partner in this absurd game he had been forced to play.

Un-fucking real.

"Hey Bobcat? You okay there?"

She tried again as Adrien still had not enunciated in response to her first inquiry. Merely staring dazed and adoringly at her face for a good two minutes.

"It seems you've got me spinning around, Blue Bell."

No, crap, that was not, no. Shit. Can he rewind? Those were not the right words, that was not what he wanted, hell.

She gave him a look. It was something in between "_Are you seriously trying to flirt with me?"_ and_ "Are you seriously trying to flirt with me with PUNS?"_

In essence she looked unimpressed, and only lightly amused. Though there was a playfulness in her tone as she half-deadpanned

"I could just start spinning this thing again."

Adrien jumped up hastily briefly taking her hand she held out to steady him.

"That is, what I meant is. Yes, thanks." Of course the only rationally said things out of his mouth would have to be puns. Where was his usual unflustered self?

"You're my partner?" He finally sputtered tripping over multiple words along the way.

"Dissapointed?" She asked candidly. There was a slight unease to her voice but only a trained observer could detect it, as if she really was worried he was dissapointed. However Adrien was not a trained observer and even if he was he would miss a great deal.

"Not at all um, I seem to have missed _catching_ your name?" There, that sounded like some sophisticated David Niven style suave.

Actually he sounded like he was trying _way_ too hard.

"I don't believe I _threw_ it. It's uh..." She stood thinking for a moment. Looking at her attire for ideas.

After a moment she looked him once over.

"Well, what's _yours?"_

Adrien then rocked back on his heels with a Cheshire grin.

"I am," He began grandly leaning forward with a musketeer's flourish in a ballet style pose and swooping to pick up her hand to kiss it.

"The Handsome Panther."

She slipped her hand from his grasp as she lifted it up to her mouth to snort into it as she burst into giggles.

"You're kidding right?"

Adrien looked confused, and a tiny but hurt. He thought it sounded heroic. At least after his 4th Dr. Pepper, sometime around 3am last night.

Nino had gotten him slightly addicted against his father's wishes and had helped him smuggle in quite a few cans of the stuff. Who needs drugs when you have 23 flavors amirite?

Her laughter dropped off as she studied his reaction.

"You're not kidding."

She grimaced a little and Adrien imagined that if this was Animal Crossing right now she would have little gears turning beside her head to indicate deep thought.

"Look um," she hesitated and tried again "well you see," she watched his sad, rejected, little shoulders and tried once more "can I-?" She stepped forward and holy shit that was her hand on his shoulder, she was touching him of her own accord, don't freak man. "Can I make a suggestion?" She asked tentatively looking into his eyes steadily.

He nodded, still not even attempting to speak after being rendered mute by her actions.

"How about... Chat Noir?"

Chat, okay he could see where she would get that.

Noir, so double French. That would make...

"French for Black Cat?"

"Yeah." She nodded half to herself, seemingly getting pumped for her own idea. "Cause we're in Paris? A little nod to the town we're protecting."

God help any of the cats she had renamed in Neko Atsume. He could only imagine.

Cat Rufus?

Gato Blanco?

Well he knew she couldn't actually be perfect.

"Okay... well, can I make a suggestion?" He said, finding his voice again.

"Depends. Is it a pun?"

She had just literally told him to call himself **Black Cat** and she was complaining?

"No more than yours." The cheeky smile that followed melted into a softer one. "I think you should call yourself Ladybird."

She looked bewildered "Don't you mean Ladybug?" Motioning to her spotted suit.

"No, I mean Ladybird, it's the same as a ladybug but I think it suits you better." He shrugged "I mean the reasons are a little convoluted but, like _Ladybird_ Johnson."

She stared blankly.

"The First Lady?" He tried.

"Of America?" She asked not catching on.

"That and of Texas too." He confirmed, trying not to display his nerdery in full splendor.

"Well she would be." She still had no idea who this boy was speaking of, nor where this was going, but she hadn't paid the best attention when the subject has come up in class.

"No I mean, she was First Lady of Texas first and then when her husband LBJ became president she was First Lady overall."

He could feel his voice slipping into passionate rant mode but he couldn't stop it now.

"Anyway, she was a wonderful person who was wholly dedicated to making Texas and then America beautiful. You know how when you drive through Texas in Springtime the side of the highway is always filled with wildflowers? That was her idea. She wanted less litter clogging up the environment and more natural beauty. So she would drive for miles and miles across America throwing seeds into the roadsides and then she got groups together to pick up trash and waste and keep it up. The next Spring the sides of highways were ablaze with color. Bluebonnets, Golden Rod, Indian Paintbrush, even Wild Daisies and all because of Ladybird."

She looked at him with a slight awe. The boy was really passionate about this.

"Someone's been reading up on their history." She said softly. "But what does that have to do with me?"

"Well when I hear the name Ladybird, I think of fields of wildflowers, _bluebonnets_ especially. And uh." He rubbed his neck and looked down bashfully. "Your eyes are very blue."

Aforementioned eyes widened in surprise. And without even meaning to she blushed just slightly. She removed the hand she hadn't realized she'd rested on his shoulder and held it out in a gesture to shake.

"Welp, my name is Ladybird. Defender of Paris, Texas. What's yours?"

He looked up and saw her smile, the dimples were back. He offered his own hand and shook hers resolutely.

"My name is Chat Noir, Defender of Paris, Texas. Pleased to meet you

Little Birdie."

It was one of those moment that would live for eternity, I suppose. And like all moments it was broken by the realization that real life was still going on around them. Another rampant set of screams sounding.

"Fuck, I almost forget." She said signaling for him to follow her as she zipped off on her yo-yo.

And thus a dynamic duo was born.

End
file.